like a cannister, chattering, clattering, to a dog for his torment and dread, pattering, bumping and battering, rice and worries him till he is dead.

Old ones are two devils, baunted by blue devils, Young ones are new devils, raising despair; Dectors and nurses combining their curses, Adiso to full purses and Bachelor's Fare. ngh such folly days, once sweet bolidays, on are embittered by wranging and strife: a turn joily days to melancholy days, perplexing and vexting one's life.

dren are rickous, maid servants fly at us, sammy, to quiet us, growls like a bear; is is equaling, and Melly is bawling, Valle Dad is recalling his Bachelor's Fare.

When they are older grown, then they are bolde ruring your temper and scorning your rule, ris through foldishness, passion or nullshness, Parry your wishes, and marry a fool.

Boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate, All that your busy nate boarded with care; Then tall me what fellity, for and frivolity, Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare?

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIDNEY GREY:

A TALE OF

SCHOOL LIFE.

By the Author of " Min and Charlle."

Lyon had not once looked at the Dector while he was speaking ; but when his speech ended, he turned round, and fixed his eyes with an eager, questioning look on bidney's face. The look

questioning look on Sidney's face. The look that met his reassured him. He lifted up his head and gave a deep breath, as if some load was taken off his mind.

"Well, I am a fool," he said, half out loud. "I knew it could not be; but if it had—Hush! not now " (for Sidney was beginning to speak eagerly) "the Doctor is speaking again. We are going to hear about the prize. Grey, I hope you will set it."

going to hear about the prize. Grey, I hope you will get it."
"I'll throw it at his head if he does," said Col-

will get it.,"

"It throw it at his head if he does," said Collins, who had edged further and further from Sidney since the Doctor began to spesk, and was looking at him as if he had been a viper.

The Doctor had now taken up one of the handsomely bound books. He said that as the morning was passing on, he must return to the basiness of the day. He assured his pupils that he had read many of their essays with great pleasure; but there were three that he and Dr. Gresham, the examiner, had chosen for a second perusal. The first was the torn essay on Kingship. If it had been perfect there was no doubt that it would have gained the prize; but as leaves were missing in several places, and it was impossible to judge of how the argument was carried out, it seemed scarcely fair to choose it for reward. The second essay they had selected was on rather a peculiar subject. The motto was from Pope's "Essay on Man:"—
"See some strange comfort every state attend."
It was written with great care and thought. He and Dr. Gresham had besitated long before they had decided on not giving it the prize. They considered that it displayed more talent than any of the other essays; but the proceribed rules for example sitten had not been observed. The writer

again.
"Dudding!" said the Doctor, in a tone of surprise that rang through the room, "did you write this essay?"
"Sir, if you please, Sir, I did," said Dudding n his very elemnest voice.
"Then was don't you come up and take the

"Then was don't you come up and take the prize?" said Dr. Wise.

A slight laugh and exclamation of surprise had passed from form to form when Ludding first stood up; but as he walked down the school-goom. Lyon set the avament of clauses. n, Lyon set the example of clapping vigor-y, the others followed, and Dudding some-or other got the loudest applause of any one

how or other got the loudest applause or any one that day.

"106 you think he is asleep?" said Lyon, lauglint, to Collins. "Do look at him; he has got his eyes shut while the Doctor is complimenting him. I believe be is half a deep."

Lyon was mistaken, however. Dudding was certainly not asleep; but just as the Doctor placed the long row of books in his hands, he had caught sight of his mother and Ellie, and he thought it better to shut his eyes than to let any one fancy that there were tears in them. Dudding, of course, dropped all the books one after the other on his way back to his seat, and his confusion was not at all lessened by Lyon's following him to pick them up.

The surprise which every one felt at Dudding's success, and the interest with which they watched his progress down the room, prevented

ding's success, and the interest with which was bed his progress down the room, prevented was bed his progress down the room, prevented was been a remarking Foster's start of surprise any one's remarking Foster's start of an ined-when he was called up to receive the silver med-when he was called up to receive the silver medwhen he was called up to receive the silver medal, or the embarrassed, guilty look on his face when the Doctor handed it to him. Dr. Wise noticed it, but he attributed it to Foster's consciousness of having passed a very bad examination, and of lying under his displeasure. His manner was not cordial in giving this prize, and as Foster was no great favorite with any party in the school, there was very scanty applause. He wondered, as he walked back to his large that he could give have thought it would e, how be could ever have thought it would uch a grand thing and make him so happy,

to have the prize.

The business of the day closed here; and after The business of the day closed here; and after a few speeches, to which no one listened, the visitors rose to go away. The town boys hastened out to join their friends and discuss the prizes; and the boarders dispersed to complete their preparations for their journey home, on which most of them were going to start immediately. Lyon, siways behindband, was in a greater busile than any one else; but he found a moment for a cordial good-bye to sidney, and an earnest assurance that, let other fellows say what they would, he would never believe anything against him.

what they would, he would never believe anything against him.

Bidney urged strongly that something ought to be done to find out who had destroyed the theme, and asked if Lyon had yet spoken to the Doctor about the loss of his five-pound note.

"That is just the worst of it!" said Lyon. "I am pretty sure now that the letter was in the cassy. Look here! Lo you see the blots on this page, just where the leaves have been torn away? Do you see they are in the shape of a man's head? Why, it's almost a likeness. Collins has been reminding me that I got my farher's letter while I was stopping my essay, and that when I had read the letter I began to draw a cariesture on the back of the envelope of Dr. Gresham. The prayer-bell rung while I was drawing, and you see I must have shut it up wet

drawing, and you see I must have shut it up wet in my essay, and there's the blot."
"You careless feitow!" said Sidney. "But this makes it all the more necessarry that you should tell everything, just as it has happened, to the Doctor."

to the Dector."
"No; I say not," said Lyon. "The more serious the charge the more one dislikes to make it. I am a careless follow, and I may be altogether mistaken. I nearly lost a servant a good place once by talking about some money that I thought I had lost, and I resolved then never to be basty in talking again. I hate making rows, and besides—besides—. Good bye! I shall lose the train. I must go and borrow some mobe hasty in talking again. I have making rows, and besides—besides——. Good bye! I shall lose the train. I must go and borow some momey for my journey from Dr. Wise, and the cab is at the door, and I have the greater part of my things to pack yet. Oh, well! it's lucky for me that my father is just the joily father he is, or I don't how I should like to tell him, the first thing, that I had lost a five-pound note, and missed both the prizes. I say, some of you fel ows, be looking for my cap, and bring me anything else of mine you find straying about." Sidney waited outside the door till he had seen Lyon safely off, with as many of his possessions as could be collected in a barry, and then walked home with Amy and Charlotte. I dward had gained a classical prize as well as

Skiney; but the girls had set out with such high hopes of their brothers' triumphs that they could not conceal a little disappointment, and consoled themselves all the way home by making disparaging remarks on Foster and Dudding. They met Dudding half way between their house and the town. He received Siduey's congratulations rather shyly, and would not tell where he had been. Charlotte pronounced decidedly that he was set up, and alrost choked herself with indignation about "the ingratitude of people." When she got home she was obliged to be very sorry for what she had been saying, for the first thing that met their eyes, on entering the dining-room, was the row of prize-books on sidney's sesk, and on the top of them a piece of papes on which was scrawled, in Dudding's distinct nand, "they are yours. I only wrote what rouhal told me. Please say nothing about it." Dudding's distinct nand, "they are yours." "Well! I must have another long walk to the town to take tiese books back again," said Sidtown to take tiese books back again," said Sidtown to take tiese books back again," said Sidtown to take tiese books hack again, "said Sidtown to take tiese books hack again," said Sidtown to take tiese books hack again, "said Sidtown to take tiese books hack again," said Charlotte, "so "I tou don't, Harding; you are too stupid. If you we're to see a cow, it would take you three quarters of an hour to find out that it was not a horse. Pricket, and you, Melcot, are two great cowards; and as for Wycombe and

lit away in sie drawer where he sept his tatuer's letters.

"It is really too bad." said Charlotte, "so disagreable to be disappointed, and not to know whom to be angry with; and as for yourwalking back to the town, Sidney, you wil' do no such thing. Sarah and I are going three on business after dinner, and we can take soe books."
"Sarah and I!" Well, times are changed!" Sarah and I!' Well, times are changed!' said Edward.

CHAPTER XIII. BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY.

ELIND MAN'S HOLIDAY.

Christmas holidays without any parties, without any presents, without any skating, without any presents any riding—a year ago, Edward would have pronounced such to be utterly unbearable, and yet this year exactly such fell to his lot. It rained, too, for a whole fortnight after the holidays began—a miserable kind of drizzle, between snow, hail, and rain; the roads were several inches thick with red mud; and the sky one impenetrable veil of grey mist. Amy's heart sank every morning as she looked out at the impracticable weather, and she cast anxious glances at Edward's face, as she entered the breakfast-room, fearing to see that it had settled down into that peculiar look of discontent which she had known him to wear in other holidays on much smaller provocation. Charlotte, too was on the alert, and peculiar lock of discontent which she had known him to wear in other holidays on much smaller provocation. Charlotte, too was on the alert, and Amy thought that the more dismal things locked without, and the greater lack there threatened to be of amusement within, the higher her courage rose. In fact, rainy holidays in Aunt Eilice's house, were precisely the emergency for which Charlotte had long been preparing, and to which she hoped to prove herself equal. Circumstances favored her efforts. Sarah went away for a fortnight to visit her parents. Betsy took a severe cold the day after, and was confined to her room, and the greater part of the household work devolved upon the two sisters. Charlotte found that an inexhaus ible store of amusement could be got out of it by persuading her younger brothers to look upon the house, for the time being, in the light of a desert island, and to call h lpin; in various departments of the household with the best fun in the world. Running though the sleet and mud to the butcher's to fe ch Aunt Ellice's mutton-chops, represented "an excursion into the woods to kill game," and the disputes that took place every morning and evening with a deaf milkman, who would not believe that the boys were competent to take in the milk, stood for an "encounter with the savages."

That the whole family were not starved, and

somely bound books. He said that as the morning was passing on, he must return to the basiness of the cay. He assured his pupils that he had read many of their essays with great pleasure; but there were three that he and Dr. Grecham, the examiner, had chosen for a second perusal. The first was the torn essay on Kingship. If it had been perfect there was no doubt that it would have gained the prize; but as leaves were missing in several places, and it was impossible to judge of how the sryument was carried out, it seemed scarcely fair to choose it for reward. The second easay they had selected was on rather a peculiar subject. The motto was from Pepe's "its ay on Man:"———"see some strange confert every state attend." It was written with great care and thought. He and Dr. Gresham had besitated long before they had decided on not giving it the prize. They considered that it displayed more talent than any of the other essays; but the proscribed rules on questions too difficult to be sartisfactory in a short eigay. He would have been wiser if he had choken an easier subject, and written in a simpler style. The writer of the third and successful essay had chosen for his subject the Pursuit of Wisdom, and though his essay was not so eloquent as that of Kingship, or so original sit that on Compensation, it was written in such a clear, strightforward manner, and showed that its author had thought so justly and earnestly on the subject, that he and Dr. Gresham for the most worthy of the prize. He called on the boy who had chosen for his multiple than and the control of the chief received and received the prize.

There was a fead pause; no one stirred. The potential politenings that it was impossible to withstand, and them the lower part of the room, "did you were dained the potential your prise that rang through the room, "did you bad defined the potential your prise that rang through the room, "did you be addeding?" said the Doctor, in a tone of surpressed about a little, and then sake down and leaves of the first chara ages."
That the whole family were not starved, and the kind of talk which was sure to carry them of longest, and make them forget how blind-man's holiday was spinning out into the whole evening. She beguiled Aunt Ellice into talking of old times, and relating anecdotes of mamma and Uncle Walter, and Sidney into painting word pictur. s, and Amy into telling stories frem her favorite book, and Edward into making edd remarks about book, and Edward into making odd remarks about people and things, which made every one laugh, though they were not intended to do so, and Frank into his endless questioning and reasoning. Dudding generally contrived to prolong his labor to this time, and then, being the tallest person present, he used to establish bimself in the lowest seat, and sit doubled up, with his elbows on his knees, and his face between his hands, slowly turning his head from one speaker to another, laying in, Sidney said, a fresh stock of ideas for future prize themes.

Sometimes, however, Charlotte's plots failed. The talk would not go on smoothly, and then the twilight and the quiet were apt to produce melancholy thoughts, and Charlotte looked round with dismay on a circle of grave, thoughtful faces.

One day, when the frost had fairly set in, Ed-One day, when the frost had fairly set in, Edward persuaded his sisters and Sidney to come down to the river to see the skating. Sidney had never seen skating before, and Edward unuckily set his heart on his attempting to walk on the ice. It was so easy, he asserted, and Sidney's crutches would be rather a help than otherwise. Amy was nervous; but Edward and Charlotte talked herdown, and Sidney, unwilling to discreptive them, made the attempt. He was Charlotte talked her down, and Sidney, unwilling to disappoint them, made the attempt. He was to cross the river opposite the cricket-field, and come home by the meadows now covered with snow. The first few paces were very successful performed; but, just as he reached the middle of the river, they came in conta t with a party of bockey players, of whom Wycombe was one. Whether Wycombe really purposely jostled Sidney, or whether Edward, in his anxiety to got between them, mushed him to hastily forward. Sidney, or whether retward, in the anxiety to get between them, pushed him to hastily forward, was never clearly ascertained; but, somehow or other, Sidney lost his balance, and came down with great force on the ice, the did not seem much hurt at first, and managed to walk home; but, before evening, he was in so much pain that it was clear that long walks were over for the present for him. He was obliged to be content to lie on the sofa in Aunt Ellice's room, and give up all hope of being able to accompany Edward to school for the first few weeks of the new halfyear.

"Come, Lyor, don't be a foil," said Collins.
"What is the use of kicking in that bar of the
stove? If you chose to quarrel with the whole
school for Grey's sake, why, you may. But all
I can say is that, if you won't take the matter up
properly, and join us in what we all think it
right to do, why, the only other plan will be to
bring the whole affair before the Doctor. A pretty figure your frend Grey will out then!" THE FALSE WITNESS. ty figure your friend Grey will cut then!"
"Ugh!" said Lyon, "how horribly hot it is

Come away from the stove, and let us go and come away from the stove, and let us go and it in the window, then," said Collins.

"No." said Lyon, tilting his chair till the back touched the wall, and mounting his feet on the stove; "no, it will be horribly cold there."

"D d you hear what I said about the Doctor?"

said Collins, after a minute's silence.

"Suppose I did, what then?" said Lyon, who had now taken out his penkuife and was amusing himself by cutting little slits in his trou-

sers.
"I declare, Lyon," said Melcot, "you're almost as great a fool about Grey, as Dudding What's that you say?" cried Lyon, bringing Wha's that you say? "What's that you are saying? What? What?" What's that you are saying? What? What?" said Melcot, retreating, as Lyon advanced, a step after

every question. "Come," said Collins, "what is the use of "Come," said Collins, "what is the use of quarreling, when we came here to talk over important business? Of course no one could mean to insult Lyon. It just wants a quarter of an hour to tea time. We should have had time to talk it all over, and settle what had best be done; but as Lyon does not choose to hear, why, after tea, we must go to the Doctor."

"Who said I did not choose to hear?" said Lyon. "Ain't I hearing? What have you to say?"

Lyon. "Ain't I hearing? What he are to join say?"
"We want to know whether you mean to join we have all taken to send Groy the destroy-

we know to the Dector, and lot and higher and it."

"Grey had nothing to do with destroying the essay. I have said so twenty times, and now I'm tired of saying it," said Lyon.

"You have never chosen to hear what our reasons are for being sure that he has," said Collins. 'tou have never heard what Wycombe, and Harding, and King, and Foster, and Pricket, have to say about it."

"I should not believe them if I had," said Lyon. "I don't believe that there are above three fellows in the school who ever speak the exact truth. You don't, Harding; you are too stupid. If you were to see a c.w., it would take you three quarters of an hour to find out that it was not a horse. Pricket, and you, Melcot, are two great cowards; and as for Wycombe and King, why, every one knows what they are; they would tell a hundred lies for a handful of pears, or an inch of coffee."

"Well," said Collins, thoughtfully, "if it were only what a few fellows said, tacknowledge that I sh uld not think so much about it; but, you see, what they say agrees so well with things that I saw, and you saw, and that there cannot be a mistake about. Fow, I'll tell you how it shall be, Lyon, You shall be judge, and you shall bear all I have to say, and quee on the fellows yourself; and then, when you have heard everything, if you still say, on your horor, that you don't believe Gray fore your essay, we'll all give up the charge against him; but if you don't acquit him, then you must join with us in trying to force him to confess the truth, and clear the rest of the school from blame. Come, that's only fair."

"Well, I think that is fair," said Lyon; "only

"Well, I think that is fair," said Lyon; "only

rest of the school from blame. Come, that's only fair."

"Well, I think that is fair," said Lyon; "only I warn you, it won't be easy to convince me. What have you to ray first?"

"Well, to begin. You remember, don't you, that you gave your essay to Grey the morning of the day when all the essays were given in? Grey put it fir his pocker, and kept it there the whole day; be told you so himself when you first started the idea of having your letter in your theme. He turned out his jacket pocket, to see if the letter had fallen out into it, and he said—I heard him myself—that he did not believe it could have failen out anywhere cles, for he had never taken the essay out until the evening when he wrote the mote on it, at your desk, Melcot, and ctanley, and I, and several of us, were standing around the stove that evening, and we saw Grey hiding under your desk in the day."

Melcot, and ctanley, and I, and several of us, were standing around the stove that evening, and we saw Grey hiding under your desk in the day. What he was doing there we none of us made out; but we noticed that he looked confused, and we remarked to each other that it was strangely careless of him to put off taking the essay to Wise until so late in the day."

"I see nothing in that," said Lyon.

"Well, you must see something in what I have to tell you next. Little Pricket and Stanley were standing near Wise's desk when Grey brought the essays up, and trey both say that Wise never touched of looked at them. He told Grey to take them to the study, and put them in his desk, and he told lim where he would find the key of the desk, and said something, besides, about trusting him. Stanley says that Grey scarcely answered a word, and that, when he was gone, Wise remarked about his being absent."

"He is often absert," said Lyon.

"Only, putting all these things together," said Collins, "they look odd. Besides, what I want you to remark is, that Grey was the only person who had a chance of touching your essay for the time you gave it him till Wise took

"You are sure of that?" asked Lyon, anxiously.

"As or rain as that I stand here," said Stanley. "I remember it, because the Doctor fumbled so long about getting the key on to the ring, and went on half breakfast-time sticking a knife into the alit of the ring, and getting it fast and pulling it out again."

"Still—" said Lyon.

"Wait a bit; I've not half done," said Colsins. "You must remember yourself how con-

wait a bit; I've not hair done, said col-lins. "You must remember yourself how con-fused Grey looked when he came back into the school-room after he had left the essays in the study. Even Martin remarked it, and you know Grey is not a fellow to look red and stammer for nothing. He generally looks so com-posed and quiet. However, all that is nothing compared with what Wycombe and King can

tell you."
"What can they tell? Let's have it at once," said Lyon.
"Well, King went home with Wycombe af-

said Lyon.

"Well, King went home with Wycombe after school, and they were in the shop together about eight o'clock. They say they saw Sidney Grey coming down the street, and that he stopped under the gas-light in the shop, where they saw him, as plainly as possible, take a pocket book out of his pocket, open it, and take a paper out. Wycombe leaned over the window-sill into the street, and he says he can sweer that the paper Grey held in bis hand was a bank-note. You may ask him your elf, and you'll hear what he says. He cale dout after Grey, and, instead of answering, Grey crumpled up the paper, and walked home as fact as he could."

'A cram of Wycombe's," said Lyon, bestowing another vigorous kick on the stove door.

'Do let that stove door alone, Lyon." said Wilson. We shall have Martin coming in if you make such a tow. For my part, I am sorry enough to believe anything against Grey, for I have always liked him; but I don't think that history of the bank-note is a cram of Wycombe's. He t II it to me the morning after he had seen Grey, before Lyon had missed his letter, when there could not be any particular reason for inventing such a tale. I did not pay any attention to it at the time. I thought it just one of his pieces of stupid gossip; but now I do think it tells very badly for Grey.

"I declare I never saw such a place as this schoolroom," said Lyon. "One's burnt to death if near the fire, and frozen te death if one's away from it. I can't stand this stove a moment onger."

"Nonsense, Lyon," said Collins; "you really must sit still five minutes longer, and make up your mind. I am rea'ly sorry for you if you

"Nonsense, Lyon," said Collins; "you really must sit still five minutes longer, and make up your mind. I am rea'ly sorry for you if you take it so much to heart; but it is not our fault if everything tells against Grey. I am sure you have heard enough to convince you; but if not, Foster says he knows more about it than any conclusion the school."

have heard enough to convince you; but if not, Foster says he knows more about it than any one else in the school."

"Bring him here," said Lyon; "I will know eve vithing there is to be known; and I can tell you fellows that it will be worse for you if I find out that you have been telling me untruths."

"Why should—we tell you untruths?" said Wilson. "It's no concern of ours. What can make you so suspicious and touchy, Lyon?"

Collins and Harding left the room in search of Foster, an't Lyon resumed his seat before the stove, biting a pencil, and staring into the fire. It was some minutes before Collins and Harding returned with Foster. They had a little difficulty in persuading him to come; and at last he followed with slow steps, and a sullen look on his face. It was a relief to him when he entered the school room, to find that the fire was burning rather low, and that the large room was only lighted by a single candle, perched on the chimney piece at the further end. He did not know how he should bear a full look from Lyon's keen eyes; he felt that his fingers were trembling, and his tongue sticking to the roof of his mouth. Lyon did not look at him for a moment af er he came in, so that he had time to kneel down by the stove and say something about being cold.

"Come," said Lyon, a' last, "I hear that you know who destroyed my essay. Let's have it at once." and you had better steak the whole truth.

once; and you had better speak the whole truth, without any humbug, I can tell you."

"It's no business of mine," said Foster, sullenly. "I don't choose to be builted into telling. How do I know anything about it, more than any one else?"

"Oh! come, Foster, that won't do," cried Collins, Harding, and Stanly. "You said you knew all about it; you said so the first night after you came, when you were in such low spirits; and you said you had more than half a mind to tell."

"Well, then, now I've changed my mind," said Well, then, now I've changed my mind," said Foster, doggedly.

At that moment, Lyon flung open the stove door, so as to throw all the light there was on Foster's face, and turned round and looked full at him. Foster knew the meaning of the sudden eager look in his face. It put him on his guard: he felt that he must make up his mind, and take a decided part now, or it was all over with him.

him.

"If I do tell you, you'll not be so pleased," he said, speaking slowly to steady his voice.

"Tell, and tell the truth," said Lyon, almost solemnly. There was half a minute's silence.

The possibility of telling the truth flashed across Foster's mind. It would be such a relief, and the other such a desperate lie; might not the ceiling in the said of the said

come down as he was talling it.

"Come," asid Collins, "the tea-bell will ring in a minute."

"And then," thought Foster, "it will be over, and I need never say anything about it again." The long habits of deceit in small things conquered. He lifted up his head, and spoke in a firm, strong voice, that astonished himself; "I know who tore the essay and stole the note. Grey did."

"How do you know?" said Lyon.

"I stayed, you know, two days after every one else left and I happened to be in the school-room when the desks were cleared out, and I found that among some loose papers at the bottom of Grey's desk."

Foster took a crumpled leaf out of his pocket, as he spoke, and handed it to Lyon. Every one pressed ronnd to look at it. It was one of the missing pages of the essay."

"You found this in Grey's desk, on your word and honor?" said Lyon.

"I've said so once," said Foster, shrinking.

"Answer, on your word and honor," said Lyon, seizing his arm, and pinching it hard.

"On my word and honor, then," said Foster, distinctly.

"Now, Lyon, don't you believe?" cried Col-

"Now, Lyon, don't you believe?" cried Collins.
"I'll never believe, I'll never trust, I'll never care for any one again as long as I live," said Lyon, banging to the stove door, and throwing down his chair with a c'atter that made all the

down his chair with a clatter that made all the room shake.

"Well, we are all agreed, then," said Collins. "Gray is to be sent to Coventry, by the unarimous vote of the whole school, and any one who chooses to speak to him, or to notice him in any way, is to be sent to Coventry with h.m. After all, it's a very slight punishment for what he has done. If we brought it before the Doctor, he'd be expelled as zure as fate. Tou agree, Lyon, of course?"

Lyon nodded his head, and walked away to the furthest and darkest corner of the room.

What a foul he is to care so much, " said Harcing, yawning.

Lyon modded his head, and walked away to the furthest and darkest corner of the room.

'What a fool he is to care so much," said Hareing, yawning.

"I don't know," said Wilson; "I'm as sorry as possible myself; I always thought Grey the best hearted fellow."

"Oh it's always the way," said Collins. "I never believe in any one being better than any one else. There's the tea bell at last."

In a minure the room was deserted. Foster was the last to leave, but he made haste to go when he perceived that there was a chance of his being left alone in the dark. He had covered his ears with his hands when the bell began to ring, and small sounds, even the clatter down of Lyon's chair, made him start. He did not understand how he could be so nervous; but, somebow, sudden noises frightened him as he had never been frightened before. They made him think of words he had heard with awe, and only partly understood, as a child—of trumpets sounding suddenly, and a great multitude being gathered for judgment, and of other words connected with them about the liar's portion, and the burning lake of fire and brimstene. When he found himself falling into these thoughts, he made a vigorous effort to struggle out of them; and this evening he astonished his companions by suddenly changing his sullen mood for a it of boisterous and causeless mirth. Every now and then, in the midst of his loud talk, Lyon lifted up his head from his book, and looked at him curiously; and then Foster felt his breath caught, and his tongue ready to stammer, and was obliged to hide his confusion by rushing into a fresh piece of extravagance, or a still louder burst of laughter. At last, when the ever ing was over, and all his companions settled to sleep in their beds. Foster lay tossing about in his, obliged at length to listen to the loud vice of his conscience. He had answered on his word and honor. Again and again the whole conversation rang in his ears, and he felt for the first time the greatness of his falsehood. He had made it impossible for himself,

CHAPTER XV.

More than a month passed before Sidney was able to return to school. His fall had more serious consequences than any one expected at the time, and the Doctor who came to see him insisted on his keeping close to the house till all the snow had melted, and the roads were easier to walk upon. They were pleasant weeks to Amy and Charlotte, and Frank allowed that having bidney in the room all the morning made lesson time quite a different thing. They would have been astonished if they had known that there were several people to whom Bidney's absence from school was as pleasant as his presence at home was to them. Every evening, when Edward came back from school, Sidney asked him eagerly, "Has Lyon said any-COVENTRY. my, when keward came outs in section, for ney asked him eagerly, "Has Lyon said any-thing about coming to see me?" and every evening he himself invented a fresh good excuse when Charlotte and Edward were indignant at

such selfishness."
As day after day passed, Edward began to be very referved and grum in his answers to all school questions. Eldney saw there was some-thing more the matter than a return of his old thing more the matter than a return of his old dislike to be made a nine days' wonder of; and he felt afraid that he had got himself into some scrape or quarrel with the boys. This fear made him very anxious to get back to school again; and he and Edward were always taking different views of the weather and state of the road, of which Edward seemed determined to take the

rorst possible view.

Even when the Doctor had settled the ques-Even when the Doctor had settled the question, and given Sidney leave to go out, and on the very morning when he was getting ready, pleased and eager to be going out after a six weeks' imprisonment. Edward tried to invent excuses for keeping him at home, and at last quite took away Charlotte's breath by refusing to carry a parcel of books which Sidney had laid asde during the holidays to lend to Lyon, saying in his gruffest tones, that he could not have his satchel stuffed up with rubbish. Charlotte noticed this as an extraordinary portent, for never before had Edward been known to refuse a request of Sidney's.

request of Sidney's.
"Remember, you are to walk slowly," was Amy's parting injunction; and Sidney was rather surprised to find how very strictly Edward obeyed it. He was always looking out for excuses to stop, and giving hints about turning back. If Sidney had not been rather deter-mined on having his own way, morning school would have been over before they reached the mined on having his own way, morning seloof would have been over before they reached the town; as it was, they were late. Prayers, with which the morning school opened, had been read some time, the repetitions were said, and the classes assembled around the different masters. Every face but one was raised as Sidney walked up the room. King whispered to Wycombe behind his back that little Grey had grown shorter and paler, and walked worse than ever; and Wycombe rewarded him with a push in the side with his elbows, and an injunction to hold his stupid tongue. He had had one look at Sidney, and it was enough—enough to make him feel a vague sort of pain as he recollected the share he had had in his accident; and the triumph he had been feeling lately at the prospect of seeing him in disgrace. Foster did not look once; it was quite bad enough to hear the sound of Sidney's slow foots'eps, and then his voice, as he spoke to Dr. Wise—so different, Foster thought, from any of the other voices—so clear and firm, and yet

slow foots eps, and then his voice, as he spoke to Dr. Wise—so different, Foster thought, from any of the other voices—so clear and firm, and yet with a sort of sweetness in it.

Dr. Wise hated interruptions to a class. If it had been any one but Sidney who had come so late, he would have been angry. As it was, he cut his inquiries after his health swoter than he would otherwise have done, and desired him, as being the last comer, to take his place at the bettern of the class. bottom of the class.

Sidney took his place by Foster, and at the

first opportunity, glanced eagerly round. With Dr. Wise at the head of the class, there was not a chance of receiving much notice; but Sidney expected a bright look across from Lyon, and, when it did not come, Sidney thought that Lyon had improved wonderfully in his powers of giving his whole attention to his work. Sidney could not imitate him; he glanced from one face to another, and thought that they all looked grave. Then he remarked that it suited Lyon better to look grave that merry, and that there was sort of dignity about him that he had never noticed before. His thoughts were interrupted by the conclusion of the lesson. Before he had had time to take Foster's place the class was dismissed, and the boys took their state rund a table at the upper end of the room to write out the substance of the morning's lesson. It was an old fault of Lyon's to begin talking at this time. Sidney felt sure of, at least, a whispered welcome; but Lyon walked quickly to his seat without once looking round. Before the writing began, however, Sidney heard Lyon complaining, as usual, that he could not find his dictionary, and that there was no nk in his inkarand. It was quite a relief to find him himself in something. Sidney pushed h's own inkstand and d ctionary across the table with a smile. They were not taken. Lyon bad become suddenly interested in decipaering some hieroglyphics cut in the desk, and no sign could induce him to lift up his head or look "up while the lesson lasted. Sidney feit as if he were in an unpleasant dream; whichever way he turned he saw nothing but averted faces, or heads resolutely bent down over the books. At last, a chance of receiving much notice; but Sidney expected a bright look across from Lyon, and,

to his great relief, one o'clock struck. The Doctor got up and left the room, and there was a general rush to the school door, and a congregating together fn groups, and a hubbub of voices. Still, somehow or other, Sidney found himself alone. He had to stoop to pick up a book; he found it difficult to fix his crutchee, and it took him a long time to get clear of the form; he remembered that Lyon used always to come and help him. By the time he had put away his books, the town boys had all left the room, and the first-class boys had drawn together in a group in the bow window—as much a place of resort in mild weather as the stove was in winter. To this place Sidney slowly made his way. As he came near, Lyon began to talk in a loud voice to Cdlins. Sidney waited a long time; but the conversation, which did not seem to be a very clear one, went on. At last he put his hand on Lyon's arm. "Don't you mean to speak to me, Lyor?" he said.

Lyon did not shake his hand off; but he shut his lips chose, and turned his head the other way.

"I'll tell you what, Grey," said Cellins; "there's no use in mincing matters, you may as well know at once. We none of us mean to general rush to the school door, and there was a way.

"I'll tell you what, Grey," said Cellins; "there's no use in mincing matters, you may as well know at once. We none of us mean to general rush to the choked so very gerry when Lyon waked off without speaking to him, and would not even listen to his thanks. I am sure Dudding and I stick close enough to him, and will; but I know we are not Lyon."

"No indeed," said Charlotte; "you are both obter in this emergency than I have done. As I said before, Edward, you have behaved better in this emergency than I have done. As I said before, Edward, you have behaved better in this emergency than I have done as well, for, as I was dressing this morning, there are examples in ancient history to which I think one ought not to shut one's eyes—Demondered in the low we are not Lyon."

"No indeed," said Charlotte; "you are b

speak to me, Lyon?" he said.

Lyon did not shake his hand off; but he shut his lips close, and turned his head the other way.

"I'll tell you what, Grey," said Cellins; "there's no use in mincing matters, you may as well know at once. We none of us mean to speak to you, You know what being sent to Coventry means. Well, you are sent to Coventry; and you need not pretend to ask why; your conscience, if you have one, will tell you without our wasting words. We don't all pretend to be as good as you call yourself; but tearing up essays and stealing won't suit even us."

"Lyon!" said Sidney.

"Oh!" you need not appeal to his generosity," said Collins. "He's made up his mind not to speak to you, and he'll stick to it. I wonder you have the face to speak to him."

"Lyon," said Sidney, "do you believe that I destroyed your essay? Answer me yourself."

"I wish I could help believing it," said Lyon, slowly, without turning his head.

Eldney took his hand away. "I have no more to say, then. If you can believe that, it is all over. I don't care for anything else."

"Well for you if you don't, then," said Collins. "I have a fancy that you will find there is something else to care for. This is the last time any one will speak to you, and if Dudding and your brother speak to you, they will be sent to Coventry too. If you had not sat up to be so much better than other people, we might not have thought so much of it; but it's time you should know how sneaks and hypocrites ought to be treated. Come, Lyon!" But Lyon had vaulted through the window before Collins had half finished his speech, and Sidney watched him for half an hour afterward pacing gloomily up and down the playground with his arms folded.

In the meantime Sidney sat at the window so lost in painful thought that he did not perceive that, though all the boys who had been standing at the window when he joined them had left the room, he was not alone. When, at last, the dinner bell roused him from his reverle, he was surprised to see Dudding and Edward seated one on ea

"What are you sitting here for, Dudding?" he asked.

"To keep the draught of the door off you," said Dudding. "It's a very cold wind, though the sun is shining. What made you come and sit between the window and the door?"

"And why are you here, Edward?"

"Do you think I would be anywhere else?" said Edward, gruffly.

As they left the school-room together they met Lyon coming in. Without looking at Sidney he held out a hand to Dudding and to Edward. "Please to understand, every one," he seid, looking round, "that whatever rules you may have made, and in spite of what passed this morning, I have no quarrel with Dudding or Edward Grey."

"And please to understand every one," said Edward, putting his hands behind him, "that I have a quarrel with you, and that, in consequence of what passed this morning, Dudding and I have sent you all to Coventry."

"Well done; that's rich," said Collins.

"I'm not sure but that it is well done," said Lyon, aside to Wilson. "I declare I almost wish I were Grey's brother, and had an excuse for believing in him, and standing up for him as that brave little fellow does."

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVI. HARE AND HOUNDS.

"Edward," said Charlotte, one morning, we month after Sidney's return to school, "you know I always used to say that you and I were born to—"

"Yes, yes," said Edward; "I know you used always to say it; but I hoped that lately you had had more sense."

"Oh!" said Charlotte; "if you had let me go on you would have seen that I was not going to repeat precisely the old thing about our being born to distinguish ourselves in an emergency. I was going to say that I think you have distinguished yourself lately in a way that even I never expected you to do. Yes, you need not begin to whistle, Edward. You know you told me all about it, and you can't untell me; and I must say, knowing all the disagreeable things you have to bear at school, it is very good of you to be so good tempered and cheerful at home, and not to grumble nearly as much as you used to do when there was nothing to grumble about. and not to grumple nearly as much as you used to do when there was nothing to grumplle about. There row I've done; so you need not snatch up your cap. It is not time to go to school yet, and I want to tell you something about myself. I have not behaved half so well. On the evening

your cap. It is not time to go to school yet, and I want to tell you something about myself. I have not behaved half so well. On the evening when you told me, I went straight upstairs, and—well, I may as well tell the truth at once—I locked my Robinson Crusoe box, and hung the key on the highest nail in the lumber-room. I thought there was no use any longer in being reads for anything, and that I would give it all up at once; but, since I have seen how courageous you are I have felt ashamed of myself. I have been up stairs to the lumber room at d brought down my key; and I have given up despairing, and mean once more to be on the look-out for an opportunity, not of distinguishing myself, but of being of use to Sidney. Oh, Edward! if this should turn out to be our emergency after all, and we were to do anything!" "Did you listen to the Paalm this morning?" said Edward; "not that I think it a good thing to be talking about it."
"But one may say just a word," said Charlotte. "Yes, I did listen so the Psalm. You are thinking of that verse where it says, 'He shall make thy righteousness as clear as the light, and thy just dealing as the noon day.' I'o you think, Edward, that we ought to beleve that will come true about Sidney?"
"I suppose we ought to be sure of it," said Edward. "Sidney is, I know, by the way in which he read. We ought to be sure that the truth will be known some time, and we ought to be patient and wait; at least, Sidney says to, and that's all I have to say about it."
"It is a very good thing to say," said Charlotte; "but I wish you would tell me a little more about what happens. Do you think Sidney mys did?"
"Minds!" said Edward. "Fo you think you ways did?"

"Minds!" said Fdward. "To you think you "Minds!" said Edward. "To you think you would not mind if you had to spend the greater part of every day among a set of fellows who would not speak to you, and who were always taking petty, mean ways of showing dislika and ill-will to you? Sidney, too, who cares so much more about everybody than I can at all understand, and who would, at this moment, do a kind thing for any one of them if they would only let him alone." only let him alone."
"Only fancy, if papa could see all this," said

Charlotte.
"Do hold your tongue," said Edward, chok-"But about Lyon," said Charlotte, adroitly changing the subject; "you have never said a word about Lyon for a long time. How does he

"But about Lyon," said Charlotte, adroitly changing the subject; "you have never said a word about Lyon for a long time. How does he behave?"

"He puzzles me; I can't understand him," said Edward. "He never speaks to Sidney; but he certainly behaves very differently from all the otters. I will tell you something that happened yesterday. Sidney and I were walking down the playground after dinner, and King and Wycombe, and ever so many more fellows of their se', came up and stood round us on the path, and would not let us walk on one way or the other. They kept moving backwards and forwards, making an opening, and then closing again just as S dney tried to get through. Of course, it was impossible for him to be quick enough, and I could not do abyghing against such a number. They did not speak; but they went on making grimaces in the most horribly provoking way." "I should have lost all patience, and stamped, and kicked, and shrieked," said Charlotte.

"That is just what they wanted me to do," said Edward; "but I knew better, or, at least, Sidney did. He persuaded me to stand quite still and silent, and wait till the fools were tired of pulling faces. I expected it would go on f r half an hour, at least; but luckiny, Lyon came out into the playground. He had his back to us, and I thought it was impossible that he should see; but I believe Lyon can see with the back of his head. In a minute be marched up, and called out to know what was going on, and when he saw, he was in a passion, and did not the fellows slink away ashamed! You should have heard and seen him. He has a way of saying things, ard looking so that people cun't help minding him. I don't understand it."

"I do," said Charlotte. "Lyon and Sidney are alike in that. They both have a v ay of making people mind them; but it is a very different way. Sidney makes people mind him in the end; he alters them, and gets them to think as he wishes them to do. Lyon does not alter people; but he manages to get people to do as he likes at the time. I think Sidney's i

thinking this morning, if, some day after school, you were to get upon a form, and make a very sloquent speech, the boys might all shout out—"

"That they would," said Edward. "Before I had said three words there would be shouting enough, and the next thing would be that I should be knocked down and rushed out of the school-room, and find that I had made a complete fool of myself."

"Ah, well," said Charlotte, "you know best. School-boys, I suppose, are very different from the thenians; but, my dear Edward, it is really very bad for yon."

"As if I signified," said Edward.

"Will you promise, at least," said Charlotte, "to tell me all the disagreeable things that happen? It will be such a comfort to hear them."

"It won't be a comfort to me to tell them," said Edward, swinging his satchel over his shoulder. "I have talked enough to last you for a month, and there is Sidney waiting for me to set off to school."

The day of this conversation was rather a trying day for Edward. It was a half-holiday, and the first afternoon in the half year when the boys resumed the game of hare and hounds, in which Edward had distinguished himself so much the last autums. Good runners were scarce, and Edward's absence would be felt in the game. The morning did not pass without hints, not addressed to Edward, but spoken in his presence by his class fellows, that, if only he would not be obsticate, there might be a chance of his being taken into favor again by the magmates of the school, and allowed a share in his favorite amusement. Edward heard all in dignified silence, and could not be brought to move a muscle of his face, even when Collins and Harding, standing one on each side of him in the decorway. As he pushed past Edward prisoner, Lyon came up and cleared the passage in the doorway. As he pushed past Edward prisoner, Lyon came up and cleared the passage in the doorway. As he pushed past Edward, he stopped and turned round. "You go with us, of course, if you like," he said.

"On conditions," interposed Collins.

"Without an

"A great deal more than you deserve," said Harding.

"And a very great deal more than I will do," said Edward, prudently leaping down the steps as he spoke, and putting himself at a safe distance from Harding's upraised arm. He found Sidney waiting for him in the court, and they set off together on their walk home. Edward hoped that he had heard enough of hare at dhounds, and that Sidney had not noticed what was going on, and would never know of the sactifice he had made; but it seemed as if he were destined to have his fortitude tried that afternoon, and to feel the full force of being sent to Coventry; for, as he was sitting on a stile with Sidney, who was obliged, since his accident, to rest more than once on his way home, the whole troop of boys, in the full career of the game, dashed across the road, and made their way over the hedge into the field behind them. Sidney stood up on the stile to have a good view of the runners. Lyon was hare, and Sidney watched him down the field and up the steep green slope beyond, clearing hedge and ditch without a single pause. The sight pleased him so much that it was a minute or two before he saw that Edward was not looking too. He was sitting on the lowest step of the stile, with his face hid in his hands. In an instant Sidney's arm was round his brother's neck.

"Edward, I'm so sorry; but I suppose there is no use in saying anything—no use in asking you to make friends with them all again."

"Not the very least," said Edward, lifting up his head; "and, Sidney, if you think I am vexed because I am left out of that game, you are quite mistaken."

"What is it, then? Tell me, Ned," said Sid-"A great deal more than you deserve," said

mistaken."
"What is it, then? Tell me, Ned," said Sid-"What is it, then? Tell me, Neo," said Sidney.

'Oh! just the old thing that we've talked
about hundreds and hundreds of times. I declare
no one cares about it properly but me. It was
seeing Lyon and all those fellows just now, every
one of them strong and able to do as they like,
and then looking at you, and thinking that you
could never never in all your life—oh dear. and that's not the worst of it—if you were get-ting stronger, but you are not. Every day you are more easily tired, and I don't see exactly how it's to end."

how it's to end."

"I do exactly," said Sidney, gently; "and I do exactly," said Sidney, gently; "and I do so wish, Edward, that I could persuade you to sike it for me as well as I do."

"Oh, no, no!" said Edward shrinking; "don't say anything about that. You know I can't bear that. Besides, it is not true: you must get strong, and live as long as I do, at least. We won't talk any more; we will get up, and go home, if you are rested. I hear some one behind the hedge. The game must be over, and some of them are coming back this way. We had the hedge. The game must be over, and some of them are coming back this way. We had better not meet them again."

To be Continued.

The Galveston News of the 25th, has the following:—Judge John Dran returned last Friday from a journey to the interior, and passed through Cypress City on Wednesday, and when there, he informs us, he took particular pains to ascertain the number of inhabitants in that place immediately after the first alarm of yeilow fever and how many had left. The number at that time was 45; and of this number, 27 have since died; two of the remaining number were dying when he was there, and fifteen others were sick! It will be seen that this leaves but one well person in the place, except those who are there as nurses from Houston! Buch mortality, we think, is entirely unprecedented.

A letter of the 22d from Indianols to a gentleman in Galveston says: The news from Brownsville is of an inviting character. Most of the females are gone over to Matamaras for safety; others of them, who did not go over, are practicing themselves in the use of firearms. The citizens have formed themselves into four campa, and take their turns in keeping a strict guard every night. They have an American, a Mexican, a French and a Spanish camp, and also have several pieces of artillery well charged with canister.

All this I have from a citizen of Brownsville, who Texas Intelligence.

a mexican, a French and a spatial camp, and aso have several pieces of artillery well charged with canister.

All this I have from a citizen of Brownsville, who came on the Arizona, and is now here. He also says there is no fever there for the want of subjects.

The Brazoria Democrat of the 18th says:—The cotton crop is turning out fine, and in some places a bale per acre has been gathered, and there is still good bloking; the work on the canal is progressing rapidly, and is now completed to Ratile Snake Point, about ten miks from the mouth of the river, to which place the work will be completed about the first of January next.

We learn from the Herald that trade was extremely brisk at Lavaca; a mule train of some thirty or forty wagons arrived there on the 14th, from El Paso, with 35.000 pounds of copper from the old manes in Mexico. B. J. Lag has been elected Mayor of Lavaca.

From the Austin Gazette of the 22d, we extract

Seca. From the Austin Gazette of the 22d, we extract aca.

From the Austin Gazette of the 22d, we extract the following:—Some time ago a chizen of Gonzáles was killed in a difficulty: the survivor was afterwards attacked by a friend of the deceased, and his brother who came to his assistance was killed. His murders had been pursued, and Thomas Blakkin, of Fichmond, was lately arrested in that town as an accessory to the murder. Mr. Jessa Choon, of Wharton County, was in the room of Blakkin, until four o'clock on the morning of the Tin inst. As Choom came out of the house and was passing over the street, he was shot down by some unknown person. No discovery has yet been made. Thus the tragedy continues. Thomas Blakkin, the prisoner has oscaped. He is said to be a desperate man, and was with NRIL McCov at the time of killing young Blatzell. Mr. Choom was a friend of Blakkin, and was a wealthy planter.

Noble Conduct of the Commander of a

Vessel.
Captain JOHNSON, of the brig St. Mary, from this port, thus writes from St. Thomas: On the on our beam ends, dismasted, and lost deck load. On the 11th, discovered a steamer steering for him, which proved to be the Gladiator. Soon after, Capt. Hickley came on board in his beat, and asked what assistance he could render. Capt. J. said he would like to have some spars to rig jury masts, when he replied. 'I have no spars that I can let you have, but I am from Bermuda, bounded St. Thomas, and if you like to go there, I will take you in tow." Capt. J. said it would take his whole vessel and carge to pay him for such srvices, and he could rot think of it. Capt. H. tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Never n had, old boy," pointing to his vessel, "that is H. B. M.'s ship, and it is my duty to assist you in distress; I will rot charge you a capper; have you any hawsers? if not, I have." And he went on board and sent hawsers to the St. Mary, and took her in tow. Two nights before they arrived at St. Thomas, it being rough, both rawsers parted during the night, when the gallant captain of the Gladiator immediately clewed up his sails, turned his ship's head for the brig, and 5th of October, in lat. 30, long. 70, was thrown

hailed Captain Johnson, "Never mind, old fellow, I will not desert you, but 'lay by you till morning." Which he did—then took her in tow, and carried her safely into port—having towed her rearly 800 miles. Such gallant and meritorious conduct on the part of Capt. Hrgs.-Ley is deserving of all praise, and we trust that the United States Government, as well as his own, will reward him suitably.

the United States Government, as well as his own, will reward him suitably.

The North-Western Railroad Accident.
The public excitement, says the Chicage Journal of Wednesday, relative to the terrible casuality near Watertown, Wis., remains unabsted. The affair has east a gloom over a large part of the community, for the reason that it is an unusually mournful event. Large preparations had been made for the enjoyment and pleasure of our Northwestern friends. The excursion train left Osbkösh with a large crowd of passengers in high spirits, when in a moment the train is harded from the track by an unforcen accident and the festivity is changed to mourning. The train consisted of thriteen cars, dedsely crowded with passengers, many in each car being obliged to s'and up. They left Chkosh at a quarter before 7 yesterday morning. At haif-past tea, between Jefferson anc Watertown, about eight miles from the latter place, the casualty occurred. Mr. ELWARDS, who was sitting in the front car, next to the baggage car, when he suddenly heard a peculiar noise, and at once concluded either that the road was very rough, or that the engine was running off the track. Before he nad time to think, the passenger car was running upon the ties, and the baggage, while the roof of the baggage car was thrown into the passenger car ran on that of the baggage, while the roof of the baggage car was thrown into the passenger car invention into it, smyshing it to pieces. The floor of the passenger car was thrown into the mud and water, and many were injured by being caught and jammed between the beams. Mr. Edwards was injured somewhat by the falling of a stove upon one of his legs, but escaped by crawling through the window. A young man who was isting upon the seat bebind, talking with his sister, was killed, but his sister escaped. The tender was badly smashed up, but the engine is comparatively uninjured. The sixth car was jan med into the fifth one, a new one, and broken. A berd of cattle were feeding upon one oid of the track and a bul The North-Western Railroad Accident

uninjured. The fireman, MCCABE, was slightly injured.

Mr. Elmunes thinks that Mr. John Lunt, of Oshkosh, reported killed, is not dead, although badly injured. Mr. Baldwiss of Oshkosh had his legs broken. A sister of Mrs. Coles Bashford was badly injured. Mr. P. Sawyles of Oshkosh was injured, but not seriously. Mr. A. Hobart, the conductor of the train, although badly injured, came on to the city and is now at the Briggs House. He has a rib broken, one fractured and one indented, a severe cut upon the top of his head, a contusion upon the forehead, and bad bruises upon his legs. His account of the cause of the accident and the speed of the train was similar to that of Mr Edwards. He was in the baggage car at the time of the accithe train was similar to that of Mr Edwards. He was in the baggage car at the time of the accident with eight others, among whom was Mr. M. J. Thomas, the U. S. Marshai of Fon Du Lac. He (the conductor) was buried up under the debris of the baggage car with the rest, but after his extrication, in spite of his severe wounds he remained upon the ground as long as his services were required. He states that Mr. Thomas was undoubtedly drowned, as he was found in the water with not a scratch upon him. Amos Paice, of Janeville was badly hurt, and also the express man Williams. Dr. Miner, of Watertown, in endeavoring to jump from the tain, was crushed between the ends of the two cars and instantly killed.

Suicide in Washington.

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The Washington States gives full particulars of the suicide by shooting of Lewis Jores, a clerk in the Land Office, on Thursday. He had been a very wild youth, and had oftentimes been admonished by his family and friends, and urged to pursue a different course. Thursday morning, on appearing with his family, his mother again took him aside, as d beseeched him to be better in future, to leave those companions who cetained him from his home, and to live more with his parent and sisters, at the same time throwing her arms around his neck ions who cetained him from his home, and to live more with his parent and sisters, at the same time throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him. He appeared to heed her for a moment, but withdrew from her arms, and then suddenly drawing a pistol, remarked, "I have lived long enough, I can't stand this;" or, 'Mother, see what I am going to do," and presenting the pis ol to his forehead, fired. The ball entered about the centre of his forchead, and he sank almost lifeless into his agonized parent's arms. The alarm was given, and the household were soon present, together with the neighbors and passers-by. Physicians were immediately summoned, who probed the wound, but could not find the ball. The wound was large and frightful indeed. owing to the proximity of the pistol to his head. He remained insensible, writhing in the agonies of pain, until death relieved him of his sufferings. This is not the first attempt he has made to commit suicide, he having taken an overdose of laudanum a short time-since, but which failed in its object. Yesterday he applied to a friend to be his second in a duel in which he expected to take a part, caused by a love affair. The decessed was very small for his age, and was the son of the late Giso. H. Jones, assistant secretary to the President to sign land patents. At the death of his father he took his place in the Land Office, and was the sole support of his family.

The Port Royal Discoveries.

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A gentleman lately from Jamacia, via Boston, gives some curious particulars in regard to the discoveries made in the harbor of Port Royal, in reference to the ancient city of that name. The discoveries were made by a party of divers, but it was not stated who they were, or what they went for. It turns out, ho sever, that they were sent from this country, to explore the wreck of the steamer Osprey, a small vessel of 800 tons, that used to trade between New York and South America, calling at Kingston, Jamacia, a few years ago. The Osprey, in 1856, was on her return voyage, with a rich cargo of indiarubber, and other valuables, when she called, as urual, at Kingston. On the very morning of her intended departure, shortly after midnight, she caught fire, through one or two of her crew attempting to steal spirits, and burnt to the water's edge, and then sunk.

The divers have been very successful in getting out of the huit of the vessel a large quantity of India rubber, and other articles. While they were thus engaged, H M. steamer Valorous entered Port Royal, and, something being the matter with her bottom, the Yankee divers were employed to search. They did so, and discovered that a portion of the copper had been stripped off, which they made all right. Having done this, they were encouraged to explore the ruins of the old city, now lying in several fathoms of water, which they did, and reported that they found the street of the submerged city entire, as they had been laid out, with the ruins of buildings on each side. This is a matter worthy of antiquarian research—if such a term may be used, as it may, in the New World—and though the gold and silver there buried may never be discovered—and who shall say they will not?—it is really worthy exploring the wreck of a place that was once—insignificant as it now is—one of the most ancient cities in the New World. The divers were still exploring, when our informant left.

Trade is represented as being worse in Kingston than it has ever been

A BEIGHT, intelligent little girl, aged eleven, named Maky Elizabeth Eagins, was shot dead on the 25th ult., at Norristown, Pa. The Heradd says that the person who committed the deed is John Famous, about eight years of age, the son of WM. Famous, a respectable neighbor. When asked why he committed such a terrible deed, he said to 'did not do it on purpose,' that 'the dog had jumped on the gun, ktocking at on the floor, and it was not his fault.' The gun was found lying on a bed in an inner room, and, from the character of the ground, must have been teld in a level or horiz zontal position when discharged." An examination was had before a magistrate, and the boy was committed for trial. It was shown that he had threatened to shoot the girl before.

A load race of 44 miles took place in Virginia en the 26th of October, between two fast trotters, owned by Mr. Lindsey, of Norfolk, and Mr. Collins, of Norfolk. Lindsey's horse performed the 44 miles in 3 hours, 2 minutes, beating Collins' by 2 minutes.

Two alleged Abolitionists have been arrested in Mobile, and compelled to give bonds or leave the State. A BRIGHT, intelligent little girl, aged eleven

A GUNSMITH in Texas murdered his wife, by